

NEW YORK SATURDAY STAR

SATURDAY STAR

A POPULAR PAPER

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Vol. III.

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David Adams.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1872.

TERMS IN ADVANCE
(One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year . . . 3.00.
Two copies, one year . . . 5.00.)

No. 120.

MUSIC ON THE WATER.

BY HAP HAZARD.

The sun sinks in the golden west—
The stars come twinkling one by one—
The sweet-toned warbler seeks his nest—
All nature sleeps—the day is done.
A shield of silver rides the moon.
And flings her sheen in the rippling mere,
From voice and lute in sweet attune.
Falls music soft on the list'ning ear.
A wailing cry from a bleeding heart,
It frets the air with its load of woe,
And strange, warm tears of pity start
In eyes unused to their tender flow.
The sun goes down, the world goes still,
Seems pourng forth her soul in song;
I bow my head on my hands and dream;
And things long pass'd on my mem'r throng.
And now is spent that low-breath'd plaint,
And stilled the voice of harp and lip;
All sounds are hushed; save the murmur faint
Of ripples, stirred by the oar's dip.

ROYAL KEENE,
THE
California Detective:
OR,
The Witches of New York.

A ROMANCE OF FOUR GIRLS' LIVES.
BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,
AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE OF SPADES," "RED MAZEPPE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

A SLIGHT quiver agitated Van Rensselaer's handsome face as he listened to the threat of the Californian.
"You place the rope of the hangman around my throat?" he said.
"That's my little game, to use the slang term," replied the detective, coolly.
"You will find it to be a difficult matter."

"But I'll do it, you can bet all your rocks on that. You murdered O'Kale, and for that murder you must answer to the law." "You in person will not call me to an account," Van Rensselaer said, a sneer upon his lips.
"It would be poor and paltry vengeance for me, if my hand alone were to strike you. Had I wished to constitute myself the minister of justice, I should not have taken the trouble to visit you and forewarn you of your danger. But I wish you to know that I am living—that I am on your trail, and that my purpose is to give you to a shameful death. You must know that the blow comes from me, or else my vengeance would lose half its sweetness."

"Your words sound like an old-time romance," Van Rensselaer said, flippantly.
"You really take the trouble to warn me of the danger that I am in."

"Exactly; that you may be on your guard," replied the Californian, quietly. "It is to be a fair and open fight between us—no bushwhacking—and, as the old-time romance would say, meet God defend the right."

Van Rensselaer's lip curled in disdain.

"Now for the programme," continued the white-hatted detective. "In the first place, I am going to strike at your reputation. You are part owner of a gambling-room on Twenty-third street. I propose to let the public at large know that fact. I intend to hold you up before all New York as a cheating rascal—a blackleg."

Van Rensselaer started, and cast a glance of fire at the Californian, but it did not trouble that cool and determined gentleman in the least.

"Then, that great and good work accomplished, I'm going to strike at your fortune," continued Bright. "Your half-sister Alice—I intend to find her and give her the rights to which the law entitles her. After these two blows—the first at your reputation, the second at your fortune—I strike at your life; but the law will be the weapon that I shall use."

"And you intend to do all this?" Van Rensselaer questioned, in contempt.

"You've heard my programme."

"You have forgotten one very important fact."

"Indeed! and what is it?" asked the detective, not in the least disturbed.

"A certain paper, calling for a hundred dollars, purporting to be signed by me and bearing your indorsements," Van Rensselaer said; a cold look in his clear blue eyes, and a tone of triumph in his voice.

"Bless you! I remember all about that," Bright said, carelessly.

"That paper is still in existence, still in my possession, still a weapon against you. I can revive the old forgery charge and send you up to Sing Sing, where you will have ample time to reflect upon the folly of contending with me!" Van Rensselaer exclaimed, in triumph.

"Easy as falling off a log, ain't it?" Bright asked, with a good-humored smile upon his bronzed features. "But, David, my boy, to use the old expression, that chicken won't fight. That bit of paper was indorsed by Royal Keene. Good; I won't dispute that fact; but now, just prove if you can that I am Royal Keene."

Van Rensselaer saw at a glance the strength of the other's position, and his face clouded over again.

"Three years have changed me greatly," continued the Californian. "James Bright, the Californian detective, doesn't look much like Royal Keene, the drunken Tombs lawyer. Any good legal gentleman will tell



"Now I tells you what I do; you introduce me, and I gives you nice diamond ring."

you that the identity question is a very difficult one to handle sometimes. Besides, three years have elapsed since the little bit of paper that we speak of saw the light; that complicates the case a little. As to the identity question, of course, between ourselves, now that no witnesses are by, except the four walls that surround us, I frankly confess that I am the man but at the same time defy you to prove it."

Van Rensselaer procured his hat and gloves, and left the house.

He took his way down the avenue.

As he had anticipated, in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel he saw the man he was in search of.

Tom Bishop was a man of thirty, about the medium height, with jet-black hair, cut tight to his head, and a mustache, which in color and stiffness resembled the bristles of a blacking-brush. There was something of the air of the well-known class, generally termed "Bowery Boys," about Mr. Bishop; what a newsboy would term "gallus." The New York "slang" is very expressive sometimes.

Bishop was dressed in style, sported his yellow kids and his dainty cane, yet, as Van Rensselaer had remarked, he evidently lived by his wits as no one of his acquaintance had ever heard him speak of following any occupation.

"Where he lived was also as great a mystery as how he lived. During the daytime, after ten A. M., he was generally to be found either in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel or lounging carelessly up and down Broadway. At night the theater lobbies and the various club-rooms—gambling-hells—of Broadway and the up-town cross-streets were graced by his presence.

Then, every once in a while, for a week or a month at a time, Mr. Bishop would suddenly disappear, and then again as suddenly reappear.

Where he went to or what he did no one knew.

Mr. Bishop had quite an extensive list of acquaintances. He was a jolly, good-natured fellow, always flush with money, and not afraid to spend it; consequently his so-

ciet was rather sought after by the young gentlemen desirous of seeing city life in its various aspects.

Of course it was whispered that Mr. Bishop was a "sport," by which title the world knows the men who run gambling-houses, bet on horse-races and kindred affairs; but no one could say, of their own personal knowledge, that they knew of anything discreditable to Mr. Bishop's character.

She need not know," Van Rensselaer repeated, thoughtfully; "that is true. I know a woman whom I can trust to serve as a decoy duck. I shall not let her know any of the details of the plan, nor in fact any thing of it. I have thought of an idea that will blind her eyes as to our purpose. Now then, you must meet the old man at the depot, as if you came from me. I have his picture, so that you will be able to pick him out of the crowd. I'll think of some excuse for my absence."

Slowly the two walked onward, arranging the details of their plan.

Van Rensselaer's face was bright and his eyes glistened as he plotted the destruction of the precious paper that the old savant from India was bringing. The wily David had not been so secure of triumph had he known that, when he accosted Bishop in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, from one of the windows of the reading-room, the Californian detective behind the scenes.

We will follow the great life-stream down the famous street of the New World.

Past Union Square, down the crowded thoroughfare, till we pause in front of the new City Court House, that famous pile which has been slowly rising upward since the memory of the modern New Yorker runneth backward and which is not yet completed.

Just in front of the square two men had halted and had clasped hands.

Two men, strong contrast each to the other.

One, a German Jew by birth, a short, thick-set, portly man of fifty, with little keen black eyes, a hooked nose and a bearded chin, clad in a suit of black broadcloth. A beautiful solitaire diamond glistened on his immaculate shirt-bosom, and a heavy cluster diamond ring adorned his little finger. A jolly, contented-looking gentleman was he; one evidently used to good living, and at peace with himself and all the world.

The other was a tall, thin person, with a thin face, shrewd gray eyes and sandy-colored hair, dressed carelessly in a dark-gray suit, and wearing a little soft felt hat, pulled down over his forehead.

The first of the two was the well-known Broadway diamond broker, Isaac Abrams;

the second, the equally well-known light of the Bohemian world, Joe Howard, the writer

—a gentleman who delighted in describing life in glowing colors, and whose ready pen was never restrained by the prosaic hand of truth.

"Ah, my dear, how you was all the time, eh?" exclaimed the broker, in his jolly, cordial way.

"Lively; how do you flourish?" the reporter said.

"I ish pretty well. Ah, mine goot friend, I have got one leetle question to put to you. You know Mademoiselle Heloise, the dan-sense?"

"Of course; I'm a particular friend of hers," Oward replied.

"So 'elp me Isaac! you newspaper fel-lows knows everybody!" the German cried, with uplifted hands. "I say, I wants an introduction to the lady."

"Certainly; are you infatuated with the divine Heloise?" and the reporter poked the broker playfully in the ribs.

"She pretty girl, I go to the theater every night; I like fun!" Abrams replied. "Now I tells you what I do; you introduce me, and I gives you nice diamond ring; sparkles so that it puts your eye out."

"It's a bargain; shake," said Oward, laconically.

"Dat ish goot. Oh!" exclaimed Abrams, suddenly. "I have von little crow to pick with you. The next time you write what you call a sensation article about the diamond brokers on Broadway, you leaves me out? So 'elp me Isaac! all my friends come to me and say, 'You see the Police Gazette?' it has a full description of you and of your place, and how you do business.' Dat is not right," and the worthy broker looked grieved, and shook his head sorrowfully.

"But I didn't mention any names; no one could guess who I meant," Oward replied, laughing.

"Yes, but you gives a full description of me; you speaks of mine beard; you say I go to the theater every night; den you speaks of mine nose. So 'elp me Isaac, you put my picture in next!"

"Oh! isha'n't go as far as to do that?"

"Isch no joke. I always treats you well!"

"Yes, but I did you justice. I said that you were an honest man, and one of the most liberal brokers on Broadway."

"Dat ish truth!" exclaimed the German, proudly. "I always give half as much as a thing is worth, and never charge more as five hundred per cent interest. You don't put me in the paper no more, eh?"

"No, that's honest," Oward replied; "but I say, Abrams, if you want an introduction to Mademoiselle Heloise, come to the masquerade ball at the Academy of Music, Wednesday evening. She will be there, and you shall have your introduc-tion."

"Dat ish all right; you ish a putty goot fellow, but you don't put me in de newspaper no more; good-morning," and the broker waddled onward, while the news-paper man continued his walk up-town.

CHAPTER VI. THE OFFER.

KATIE sprung to her feet the moment the door closed behind the servant.

"I had better go, dear," she said; "remember my warning about Mr. Van Rensselaer. You're a dear, good little woman yourself, but you mustn't imagine that everybody else is like you."

"I shan't forget, and I shall speak to Mr. Van Rensselaer very plainly," the actress replied, in her quiet way.

"That's right!" cried Katie, impulsively; "I confess I don't like him a bit. He's one of these proud fellows who seems to imagine that, because he's got a little money, he's a great deal better than any one else. Well, I'll run away, so that you can see your visitor. By-by!" and the light-hearted little girl hastened away.

Coralie remained for a few moments silent in thought; then she rose and descended to the little parlor of the boarding-house, where she found David Van Rensselaer awaiting her.

He rose at her approach, and bowed in his usual courtly way.

"Mr. Van Rensselaer," the girl said, and in the three words she contrived to throw such an expression of scornful wonder that it cut the cool and impassive gentleman to the quick. A hot flush came over his face, and his lips quivered as he spoke.

"You are doubtless astonished at my visit; permit me to explain," he said, quite humbly.

"You have deeply wronged me, sir, and I do not think that you will be able to explain that," Coralie replied, in cold contempt.

"I wrong you?" Van Rensselaer said, in confusion.

"Yes."

"You have boasted among your friends of your intimacy with the actress. Like a coward, you spoke falsely. I have no father, no brother to defend me, and you have tarnished the good name which, actress as I am, I prize dearer than life."

The pale cheeks of the girl were flushed crimson with hot blood as she spoke.

Van Rensselaer bit his lip; his eyes were cast upon the ground, and his face was pale. Seldom in his life had he heard such bitter, cutting words.

"Coralie," he said, gently, and after quite a long pause, "I fear that some one has defamed me. True, I have spoken of you; mentioned, with some little pride, I confess, that I was honored with your friendship, but I have never boasted of that friendship. I value it too highly to do that. To prove to you how sincere I am in what I say, I now offer you my hand and heart. I shall be only too proud to make you my wife."

The girl looked at her suitor for a moment in wonder. She was not prepared for such an offer.

"You make me your wife!" she said, slowly. "You forget how different are our stations in life. Your wealthy friends would laugh at you for marrying the actress, the woman who works for her bread with both hands and brain."

"Coralie, I care very little for the world's opinion regarding my acts," Van Rensselaer replied. "Besides, the opinion of the world regarding those who follow the stage for a living has changed greatly within the last few years. There is no disgrace in honest labor. Think what a position my love can give you. I come of one of the old New York families, of as good blood as can be found in America. Wealth, social station, all shall be yours. No longer will it be a struggle for you against the world, but ease, rest, affluence. Perhaps you may answer that you do not love me; but I am sure that you like me, and in time the love may come."

"Do you know the story of my life?" the girl asked.

"No."

"Listen to it; then you will be able to decide whether I can accept your love or not."

"Sit down, and I will listen."

Van Rensselaer placed a chair by the window for the girl, then brought another for himself, and sat down by her side.

"Go on," he said.

"Of course; I'm a particular friend of hers," Oward replied.

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"You are doubtless astonished at my visit; permit me to explain," he said, quite humbly.

"I am willing to risk it if you are."

"Give me three days to decide," the girl said, slowly.

"That is a bargain!" he cried, quickly;

"and now, Coralie, that I stand almost in the light of an accepted lover, I have a favor to ask of you."

"A favor? What is it?"

"You know that there is going to be a grand masquerade ball at the Academy of Music, next Wednesday evening?"

"Yes."

"Are you going?"

"I think not—I have not really decided yet."

"I wish you would go, and allow me to act as your escort. I have a little scheme to put into execution wherein I need your aid. That is the favor I would ask."

"Why, what do you wish me to do?"

"There is an old friend of my father coming to town; he is to visit the masquerade, and I have laid a wager with a friend of mine that, at the ball, I will induce him to leave it and go to this friend's house. The gentleman is a queer fellow, full of odd whims and totally unused to society, having spent the better part of his life in the jungles of India. You can use any device you please. It is only a simple masquerading joke. I will be by your side throughout the whole affair."

"Well, I will go, but I won't promise to aid you in this jest until I see the gentleman," the girl said, slowly.

"Are you going?"

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"I wish you would go, and allow me to act as your escort. I have a little scheme to put into execution wherein I need your aid. That is the favor I would ask."

"Not a whit," he replied, gayly; "what have I to do with the dead past? It is with the living future that we must deal. Adieu."

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The horseman turned, drew rein and gazed toward the party as though to make out who they were—whether friends or foes.

To enlighten him, the officer gave another blast upon the bugle, at the same time waving his cap above his head. Thereupon the horseman wheeled and galloped toward them.

When he was within a few rods of the party, old Lubin gave a shout of joy; then turning to his friends, said:

"Boys, we're in luck. That feller is Hawkeye Harry, the Boy Ranger."

CHAPTER XVI.

WHO WERE THEY?

BEFORE Old Optic could have time to fire upon Clouded Heart, Red Wing, who was standing by, struck up the muzzle of his gun, and the bullet whistled high above the masked stranger's head.

The old trapper quickly confronted the chief and demanded an explanation of his act.

"Would you slay a friend?" asked the chief.

"No!" retorted the trapper; "but I would slay an enemy. Didn't you see him makin' signs to them Indians comin' out there?"

"I saw him wave a red scarf, but look through the bushes, pale-face, and you can see that the approaching horsemen are not Indians."

"Not Indians!" exclaimed Old Optic, as he peered through the opening out onto the plain. "By heavens, you are right, Red Wing! It is a party of dragoons, and at their head I see that noble boy, Hawkeye Harry! Whoop! whoop! hurrah!" and the old trapper bounded through the undergrowth out into the prairie, where he was met by Hawkeye Harry and the dragoons.

"Hullo, my young friend!" exclaimed Optic; "you're still on foot, eh?"

"Yes; though I have had some pretty narrow escapes," replied the young ranger. "The red-skins got me into a bayou last night, and tried to burn me out, and I only escaped by the skin of my teeth, just in time to sink a tomahawk into the brain of the Sioux chief, Gray Hawk. But what are you doing here, old friend?"

The youth dismounted as he asked the question, while Lubin, the dragoons and Mr. Gardette advanced and joined Red Wing and his warriors.

Old Optic briefly narrated all that had transpired under his observation since Harry had left the Cone, including the startling information of Clouded Heart.

"Then you're on your way to rescue your daughter?" said Harry, when he had heard the old trapper's sad story.

"Yes," replied the trapper.

"Then you can depend upon company and assistance, for these dragoons are going to the Sioux village to rescue the daughter of that elderly man on the white horse. I tell you, Optic, he is the father of the sweetest little woman I ever saw."

"Ah! oh, yes; certainly," laughed Old Optic. "But if she is a captive, how did you see her?"

The young ranger narrated his late adventures.

"And, Optic," he continued, "I'll rescue that girl if I lose my own life by the act."

"In love!" said the old trapper; "crazy in love! But, Harry, I want you to keep your eyes upon this masked stranger of whom I told you awhile ago. He calls himself Clouded Heart, and I must admit he is clouded in a great mystery."

"I'll do so, Optic. Now let us see what I can see of the stranger."

The two fellow-rangers joined the Indians and dragoons, who had entered upon terms of friendship and good feeling.

Clouded Heart stood aside by himself, and, as they advanced, Hawkeye Harry noticed that he fixed his glowing eyes upon the old trapper, with a steady gaze.

For a while he elicited much notice and curiosity from the soldiers and Mr. Gardette, but when they had learned of his sorrow through Old Optic, their attention became more of pity than curiosity.

A consultation was now held as to the proper course to pursue in rescuing the captives. The two parties had united their forces and were to act together thereafter.

They were now some ten miles from the Sioux village, and it was suggested by Hawkeye Harry that they remain in the timber until night, and then approach the enemy's stronghold under cover of darkness. The suggestion was no sooner advanced than acted upon, and in a few minutes the whole party had gone into a temporary encampment.

The day wore away quite slowly to some of the party, but by dusk every man was mounted and moving northward, guided by the young ranger and Lubin.

It was far in the night when a point on the prairie was reached, two miles from the Indian town. Here a halt was made for further consultation in regard to their course of action.

The suggestions advanced were many, and none but those of Hawkeye Harry and Red Wing coincided, and theirs was the one that all decided upon as the most likely to be attended with success.

They proposed to leave the horses with a strong guard, then steal forward on foot to the village, or close to it as they dare, without running into danger before they were prepared to meet it. If the warriors had all returned from their expedition, it was thought best not to make an attack upon the town until they had seen what could be accomplished in their favor by stratagem, the white man's first expedient.

The Indian town was located upon a small creek flowing from Lake Okibigie. To the north of it a steep, wooded bluff arose several hundred feet above the level of the valley, and extended down to the encampment, most of which was enfolded within the shadow of the woods. South of the village a long, treeless, shrubless plain rolled away in gentle undulations for many miles.

Hawkeye Harry and Red Wing took the lead toward the village. They crossed the creek a mile below the place, and after hours of toil reached a point in the woods, in the rear of the town.

A reconnaissance was now to be made, and the perilous job fell upon the Boy Ranger, Lubin, the scout, and Red Wing.

Leaving their friends, the three crept forward through the woods and soon gained a point on the hill, where they had a fair view of the town.

The hour was late, but there were many fires burning, and apparently every man, woman and child was astir.

"That's sumthin' up," whispered Lubin,

"or the red imps would all be in bed."

"Yes, they have war-dance," said Red Wing.

"Yes, and they've got a white male prisoner, too," added Hawkeye. "Look, that central lodge, tied to a post."

Lubin and the chief did as directed. At the same time a low exclamation burst from the lips of the old scout.

"By jinks!" he said, "that captive is Richard Parker! The boy wern't killed, arter all."

"He is the young man that Mr. Gardette was speakin' of, eh?"

"Yes. Heard 'em say at the fort he war the lover o' Gardette's gal."

Hawkeye started at this information. Was it possible that Nora had a lover? The thought was a bitter one.

For some time the trio sat and watched the Indians moving about, apparently preparing for some exciting event. What was it? Were they going to torture Parker?

If such was the intention, the idea was suddenly abandoned, for they saw the prisoner taken to a lodge and guards posted around it.

Hawkeye Harry strained his eyes in hopes of getting a glance of Nora, but he was disappointed.

But he did see among the Indians, moving about in perfect freedom, Henri Roché and his men.

Gradually the savages retired and the camp-fires died out, but, between them and the camp, our friends saw a number of wary guards pacing to and fro upon their beat.

Red Wing proposed making a sudden attack upon the village in the dark. But Harry and Lubin opposed such a bloody course. They knew that the Fox warriors were thirsting for Sioux blood, and, if once under way, an indiscriminate massacre was sure to be the result.

"No, no, Red Wing," said the youth; "I hate a Sioux as bad almost as you do, but I'd never consent to see their women and children murdered. And if we should attack them and meet with a repulse, as I believe we would, then it would make matters worse. Let us be patient; but, bah! talk of patience to an Indian! But, boys, I've a plan in my head to rescue the prisoners, and if it should fail, nobody's scalp but my own will have to pay the forfeit."

"What is yer plan? let's hear it," said Lubin.

The young ranger made known his plan of action.

"Ten to one ye'll git tomahawked," said Lubin.

Red Wing was silent, which was proof that he did not approve of the youth's project.

"I know it's dangerous, friends, but, if I lose my scalp, it won't be a serious loss. All I ask is your assistance or presence on the other side of the creek."

"Never fear; we'll be there," said Red Wing.

"We'll be there," repeated Lubin.

And together the two arose and crept softly away, leaving Hawkeye Harry alone to nerve himself for the execution of his dangerous and fearless undertaking—all for the sake of Nora Gardette.

"My son—the heir?"

"Assuredly; you can prove him the lawful son of Edward Clermont. The will bequeathed all to him first; to me only in case Edward left no issue. No one can dispute your son's claim. I am ready to surrender every thing."

"Oh, madam, how generous!"

"No; I am only just. Where is your son?"

"He has not come from his work. He will be here at one o'clock."

"Bring him to me—the house where he comes. There is the card with the address Stay: the carriage shall be sent for you at half-past one, and I will summon the executors. Have you a solicitor?"

"Emily shook her head.

"Then mine shall wait on you, if you please. Be sure to be ready. Now, Lewis, shall we go?"

As the visitors departed, the happy wife and mother flew up to her room with her joyful tidings.

"I told you," Morell said, when all was revealed, "that better times were coming; but I did not know it would be through you, Emily. I am fated to be always your debtor."

The carriage came, and conveyed the young heir and his mother to the house known as "Mrs. Clermont's" in the neighborhood. The drawing-room was full of strangers. There were the executors and their lawyers and clerks, and there were the Dorant family and young Duclos, with Mr. and Mrs. Byrne. The latter had become anxious at the non-arrival of her friends at her house, or at Broadhurst, and had come up to London to see if anything was the matter.

"I told you that, Emily; I do believe it!"

"You do? I am so glad to hear you say so!"

"I do; for you are not the woman to go astray, Emily. That villain—do I not know him for one?—could right you, as you say."

"Oh, if he would! If my boy—" She could not go on for tears.

"When I am well, I will see him. I can not bribe, but I can threaten him; for I have made to do you justice, Emily."

She pressed his hand gratefully.

"As I was saying: when I married you, I thought life was giving as much as I received. But I soon found out my mistake. The burden of our maintenance fell chiefly upon you. You sang at small concerts, taught music, and earned a decent subsistence. If I had not squandered it."

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"

FAITHLESS.

BY DE KAL.

They tell us that time will drown sorrow or pain—Heal wounds that might else can approach; Some cases may perhaps the assertion hold true, But mine it can not in the slightest way touch.

Years upon years have passed drearily over— Bringing change after change in the scene; Still memory brooding in silence will hover.

Around the foul stain where her truth should have been.

She knows not nor dreams how the cancer is eating,

Destroying the faith that else were her stay;

Oh, happiness far other than our meeting—

Has turned one of life away!

Oh, shame! Is this really the moral quality under

The griefs of the past that can never return?

Be calm though the heart-horn awoke—

Remember how silent the savage can burn!

When in torture the fames lick its vitals and pierce—

The scorched, quivering flesh with such mad-

dening throes—

Prompting nature's wild scream by the agony

Still he smiles in derision and mocks at his foes!

Flying from Fate.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"Tr won't do—it won't do at all!" and then Pelatiah Mayfield replaced the huge clay pipe in her grizzly-mustached mouth, and leaned meditatively back in the soft cushioned rocker.

"What won't do, Pelatiah?—not that new pair o' steers, you don't mean?" It was a pleasant, half-questioning voice that came from farmer Mayfield's spinster sister, as she looked up with faded blue eyes from the immense pile of mending.

"I wish it was nothin' worse, Sary Ann; no, I was a-thinkin' about Octavy. I don't approve nohow of her doin's—her and that young Chris Winter'sentirely too friendly."

"Octavy and Chris Winter?" and Miss Mayfield repeated the names. "I'm sure I ain't seen none of it—but gawkin' they be, Pelatiah, what's the harm?"

"Where's the harm, eh? Well, I can pretty quick tell you that my brother's child shain't never marry into the 'Winter family!'"

"I'm sure Chris is a likely enough sort o' feller—he ain't got no money, to be sure—"

"And Octavy Mayfield's got to git up. To-morrer she can pack up and go to her other uncle's—out there in California!"

Then, with lengthening face, Miss Sarah Ann Mayfield listened to the plans of her brother, Pelatiah; plans that were sure to be effected, because Pelatiah desired it so to be; plans that would take bright, winsome Octavia out of the old farm-house, and leave it sunless and lonely. And all because pretty Octavia had fallen in love with handsome young Christian Winter.

Somewhat, away down in her heart, spinner though she was, aunt Sarah Ann sympathized with Octavia, and the sight of her guileless happiness brought to mind the days of thirty years aback, when Obed Green—a grandfather now—had beamed her home from singing-school on Wednesday nights.

Perhaps such memories, and her own gentle sympathy were the cause of the traces of tears on her face when Octavia came in, her brown, wavy hair trailing over her shoulders, all tangled and windblown, and her cheeks tinted like an orange.

A graceful, queenly sort of girl despite the neglect of coiffure, with a fascinating way about her that few people—Chris Winter particularly—could withstand. A girl with deep violet eyes, that laughed when the red lips were close shut; with the most faultless of hands and arms.

Now, all fresh and breezy, with the train of her pink percale dress thrown gracefully over her arm, Octavia Mayfield came gayly up the long room.

"Well, auntie, I've succeeded in getting a pattern for your—Why, auntie, what's the matter?"

Then, dropping half uneasily into the very chair uncle Pelatiah had so lately vacated, she listened to the trouble on aunt Sarah's dear old heart.

"Go to California! Of course I'll go to California! Why, you dear old goose you, it's just what I would like, above all things. Just think of it! I'll be back in about a year, with such a rich husband!" And her merry, mischievous laugh rung out like the clear notes of a silver bell.

"But—but—I thought Chris—"

"Oh, you've been worrying about poor Chris? Bless you, aunnie, Chris don't care a whit for me—not a whit!"

Her tones were so care-free, so utterly indifferent, that aunt Sarah looked up in helpless amazement. She saw a face whose color was slightly heightened, and two small hands whose fingers were nervously lacing and interlacing; but, woman though she was, she did not see the pain in Octavia's eyes, or the faint white mark around her smiling lips.

She never dreamed of the lover's quarrel of ten minutes old; of the cold parting and the returned ring—and Octavia snatched hurriedly at the offer to go away from Christian Winter—away from herself if she could.

So, without a word to him, she said—For the rich husband" as she laughingly promised uncle Pelatiah—while her lips quivered with sharp pain.

The October sunset cast its dainty red shades over the Pacific coast, where the waves lapped softly on the silver white beach, and crept to the very feet of a woman, fair as Undine herself, who stood there, idly gazing far over the tossing ocean.

A violet-eyed, queenly-looking woman, who was perhaps the more beautiful because of the everlasting look of unrest in those eyes, that lent such a pensive glory to her face.

Just now, she withdrew her face from toward the sea, and looked back the path she had just come; a slight flush crossed her statuesque cheeks as she noted, walking rapidly toward her, a man, whose face was eager and anxious.

He came up to her, and without a preliminary word, took both her hands.

"Octavia! my answer—is it to be sure?" Then in a low, quiet voice, she answered him.

"If you are content, knowing that I have no love to give, Mr. Edgecliff—my hand is yours."

Royally as a queen extends her scepter, Octavia laid her cold fingers in his palm.

It seemed strange she could not give him the love he had so craved; he was a splendid-looking man, tall and commanding, with heavy mustache and beard that lent him an air of nobility. He was thoroughly the gentleman too, and what, of all his graces

that had attracted Octavia enough to permit him to become a recognized suitor, was the occasional similarity in his manner to Christopher Winter.

Poor Chris! they had parted so angrily. Had he fulfilled his hasty vow of disdaining ever to sue for another woman's love, as she had kept her vow of securing a rich husband, since love was so deceitful?

For Mr. Edgecliff was rich—very rich; and Octavia wrote home to the farm-house about it:

"It does seem such a pity, after all, Octavy, that your uncle Pelatiah was so hasty.

That was Chris Winter's come into his life hereabout. And I b'ieve I heard Melody Johnson say he was comin' home about now."

Octavia leaned languidly back in the same old cushioned rocker, and listened to Aunt Sarah's endless flow of gossip.

"Chris Winter." It was nothing but Chris Winter now. Even uncle Pelatiah himself had changed his mind, and grumbled whenever Octavia mentioned Mr. Edgecliff, which was, to tell the truth, quite selish.

Then, one morning, when she sat reading a letter from her betrothed, that announced his intention of coming East at once, to be in season for their marriage, aunt Sarah Ann came rushing in, with a gentleman at her heels.

"Octavy! Octavy! if here ain't Chris Winter, come to congratulate you!"

Then she rushed out, and left them face to face.

For a moment Octavia felt herself growing powerless before him; her eyes grew dim, and her head reeled. But, he extended his hands and grasped hers in a warm, almost passionate clasp.

"Octavia—I can't—I won't believe you are to be another's! My darling, I never can let you go again!"

He was kissing her over and over, on lips and brow; and she, in a delirium of joy, only knew it was Christian Winter—the one man she so worshiped. Then, struggling to free herself, she laid Mr. Edgecliff's letter in his open hand.

"Read it—it is all true—I dare not be false to him now."

And Chris read it over carelessly.

"I don't care a whit for his claims. I want just one word, Octavia—you love me?"

And for answer she buried her face in her trembling hands.

"My darling," and his voice grew very tender and confiding, "suppose I were to tell you I have explained my prior claim to Mr. Edgecliff, and that he releases you?"

A wildly happy light shone in her eyes.

"Exactly. Well, I have seen Mr. Edgecliff—all, by the by, here he is. Uncle Horace!"

Octavia started from her chair, pale with amazement. Mr. Edgecliff came forward to meet her.

"Am I forgiven for winning my nephew's wife by proxy? Octavia, my dear child, if you knew how dear you have grown to me, and how noble I know you to be, you would forgive me, I am sure, for giving you to my nephew."

"But this is a living tomb," ejaculated the woman. "It is cruel for three stout men to take this mean advantage of a woman."

"Better to have you in this living tomb, than my master in a dead one," was the cool rejoinder.

"But your master is a murderer," exclaimed the woman, "and I know it."

"If you hadn't known it so well you might have been here," said Toy, slamming the door, and locking it firmly on this fashion."

Madge listened to his retreating footsteps until they died out into silence, and then she made a rush with all her force against the heavy door. The bolts rattled in their sockets; the chain on the outside clanked; a night-bird flew screaming by an orifice in the wall, and that was all.

The deep darkness; the cold walls; the thought that this was to be her abode until death came, drove the poor creature, long verging upon actual insanity, into its dread confines; and, uttering one prolonged shriek that echoed fearfully throughout that old pile, she fell prone upon the floor, senseless—almost lifeless. The next morning found her a staring, pitiable maniac.

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The clerk opened his eyes at this outburst in blank amazement, and apparently fearing another shot of the same kind, he called back to Jenkins, the operator, telling him to send that last message at once.

"When do you suppose I will have an answer?" asked Tracy.

"How do I know?" replied the clerk.

"Perhaps he won't answer at all, or maybe won't be at Pilot Town, when this gets there."

"But when will he call for an answer?" demanded Waddle.

"In an hour, if he likes," was the curt response, and then Tracy thanked Waddle for his kindness, and walked off toward the levee.

The next hour was a very long one to that poor stranger as he wandered hither and thither, trying in vain to keep up the hope that now only dimly flickered in his heart. Of course he thought of the past; of the old, old times in Digby and Margate, when that sunny face lit up the scene with a radiance he had not forgotten, and when the thought would come, as it did come quite frequently, that perhaps his arms should never more enfold that lithe, slender form—that perhaps those bright eyes were sealed forever in death, he felt as if he must needs find solace in the swift current of the great river that rushed onward, onward unceasingly to the Gulf, as the tide of humanity tends unceasingly toward the ocean of eternity.

When at last the hour had passed, Tracy entered the telegraph-office again.

"No message, sir," said the clerk, at once, and before Tracy could speak.

"The Royal George had crossed the bar before your dispatch reached her, and she is now being towed up to the city."

"When will she get here?" eagerly.

"Not before to-morrow morning; possibly not before noon."

And now it was only four o'clock. Sixteen hours more of weary, devouring suspense!

"What will I do with all these hours?" he exclaimed, when once in the street again. "To wander up and down these streets is torture; to go to my lodgings is no better."

He walked up Tchaptinolas street, un-

mindful of his surroundings, until he had reached St. Mary's Market. Here he stopped to rest and think a moment, and then he retraced his steps, reaching his lodgings just as a drenching rain set in, and night—

"I wouldn't like to say that," replied Mr. Waddle, "for few vessels perish nowadays that some are not saved from them."

"But, wouldn't they have reached here ere this?"

"Then you think she is lost—that she has gone down with all on board?"

"I wouldn't like to say that," replied Mr. Waddle, "for few vessels perish nowadays that some are not saved from them."

"Well, go on," said Madge, pushing him

into a chair, and seating herself; "what do you want to know?"

"I came to inquire if you had any positive proof that your sister died by the hand of Holcombe."

He was shifting closer and closer to her.

"Proof! What more proof do you want than I've already?" She did not finish the sentence, for Skittles, with rapidity we would not have been ready to give him credit for, thrust a gag, in the shape of a large neckerchief, in her mouth, and, at the same time, pinned her arms tightly behind her.

She made a desperate effort to free herself, and would doubtless have succeeded in doing so, had not Toy and Holcombe rushed in, and, with the aid of a rope, tied her hands and feet.

It would be utterly impossible to describe the look that came into the woman's eyes as she recognized Holcombe, and saw, too, that he was merely a confederate of the monkey-like lawyer, who had duped her so cruelly.

She strained the thongs that bound her, but without avail, and Toy and Skittles lifted her to her feet, which they now unfolded, and Toy said:

"Walks now. Put your feet under you."

"Yes, you may as well take matters coolly," added Skittles; "we don't intend you any bodily harm. You shall be better taken care of where you are going than where you now are."

She stood erect, and flashed her eyes at Holcombe, who, like a quibbling coward, went to the background and maintained an utter silence.

It was a long way back to the Hall, and Darke Swamp was never more dismal than on this occasion.

The cypress clothed in garments of swinging moss, grew so dense that even the faint light of the stars failed to penetrate the depths of the solitude, and the soil was so oozy and damp that the whole party were ever and anon ankle deep in the black mire.

Skittles growled and talked all the way, Harold was silent, while Toy grunted and panted, as if wholly unused to such violent exercise.

Finally Holcombe Hall was reached, and Madge conveyed to the room in the tower that had been selected for her prison. Here the gag was taken out of her mouth by Toy, the others having retired to the lower part of the house, and the woman began to understand the object of her arrest and her probable fate. This did not prevent her from demanding: "Why was I brought here?"

"For safe-keeping, I believe," was the mock reply.

"But I'm no criminal to be locked up in this fashion."

"No one said you was," said Toy, "but with long tongues are dangerous, and it's better to have you here than master for pay for this, sir?"

"Yes, yes; send it off."

"Fifty-three cents, sir."

The young husband hurriedly pulled out his pocket-book and gave the clerk a dollar gold-piece. "There, don't mind the change until you have sent off the message," he said, flushed and excited.

"Cuthbert, I followed you to tell you that your speediest method of obtaining information is by telegraphing down there."

"Cuthbert, I followed you to tell you that your speediest method of obtaining information is by telegraphing down there."

"Dore Cuthbert among the saved from the wreck of the Argyl?" Answer immediately.

Notwithstanding his air of abstraction, he fully understood every thing that had taken place; he understood, too, the full import of the terrible tidings that closed that day of wretchedness and suspense, and he knew, as well as a man can know, the dull, aching sense of pain about his heart was threatening the very seat of life itself.

The lamps were being lit now, and ere he had gone far the darkness, aided by the fog, which crept up from the river again, became Stygian in its intensity, and he was forced to grope his way among the bales and barrels that lined the docks on every hand.

At one time he thought of returning to his lodgings, but he shuddered when he thought—as he did almost instantly—how lonely and desolate they would appear, now that he knew all his preparations had been in vain, and that the guest he had waited for so long would never come.

"I can not go home," he exclaimed. "I have no home; I'm a poor, unfortunate wretch who induced the only being who loved me to her death."

Then the picture of that perishing ship came up before him; he saw the pale faces grouped on the deck; the driving spray, the dark sky, then the thundering waters, and the crash of timbers, a pleading face amid the wreck; and then he covered his face to shut out the fearful mirage, and rushed headlong to the river.

He had reached the brink, and had divested himself of his hat and coat preparatory to taking that last fatal plunge into oblivion, when a stout arm grasped him, and Rupert Gaspard exclaimed:

"My God! don't do so rash a thing as this."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 114.)

Tracked to Death: THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,
AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANGER,"
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER LXXXV.

ONCE MORE ALONE.

It was Charles Clancy who shouted "murderer!"

The thrill of hope he had felt at first sight of the approaching horseman quickly became disappointment when he saw it was not Simeon Woodley. This passed to despair as his eye rested on a savage costume and coronet of plumes, both conspicuous under the bright moonbeams. For he knew it was no Indian, but a savage far more to be dreaded.

He had recognized Darke before the latter was nigh enough to identify him, or rather to fancy himself gazing upon some spectral form.

Clancy there appeared nothing strange in the encounter.

His fiendish foe had, no doubt, reached the rendezvous of the robbers, and there been rejoined by them as they returned to it with their spoil. Borlasse had told him of the cruel interment and given directions for finding the place. Embittered with the thought of having abandoned his captive—losing Helen Armstrong—he was coming to wreak his spite upon himself, Clancy, now helpless; perhaps to torture him still further—in the end put him to death.

Thus reflected Clancy, up till that moment when he saw Darke drag his horse almost on his haunches, and give out that terified cry.

Then, unable to constrain his own long pent-up anger, he called out that man's name, adding the epithet, "murderer!"

It was wrung from him in the agony of the hour. He did not know that it could do any good. Indeed, after giving utterance to the cry, he fancied the reverse. The scared wretch would soon recover from his scare, return, and finish him.

Its effect was altogether different from what he had expected; as was also the behavior of his enemy. Both filled him with astonishment. He could not understand why Darke had shrieked out, and ridden away in such evident affright. Only after reflection did he comprehend the cause. Then it became clear enough.

Darke had not yet seen Borlasse, nor had he recognized him, Clancy, while rescuing Helen Armstrong. The obscure light under the live oak had prevented it. Therefore the man still believed himself a murderer. Hence his horror at seeing a head—the head of him he had murdered!

No wonder, at such a time and in such a place!

After his own surprise was over, Clancy watched the scared horseman, and took note of the direction in which he galloped off. He appeared to go without any definite aim, and without guiding his horse. He rode like a drunken man, or one under the influence of a wild terror—the terror still pursuing him.

But, long after, he heard the hoof-strokes rebounding upon the firm turf, gradually growing indistinct, at length dying in the far-off distance.

His departure gave Clancy but little relief, if any. At best it could be but a short respite. He would soon find his way to the rendezvous of the prairie pirates, have every thing explained, then return with renewed spirit to take vengeance for all.

Clancy, thus reflecting, almost wished his enemy had remained, crushed in his skull with the butt of his gun, and so put an end to his misery.

Again the coyotes commenced making approach, drawing nigh with more audacity than ever. Their courage seemed increased. They saw that the human enemy on horseback had not molested them, but had gone off leaving the prey unprotected. They were now free to devour it.

After saluting the moon with their melancholy whine, they loped up, one after the other, until again collected around the strange thing. For to them, also, was it strange, though they were likely soon to be familiar with it. And the brutes circled about it, now taking one side, now another, as if going through the maze of a cotillion—a dance of werewolves! They grinned, growled, and barked, their sharp incisors glistening in the moonlight like teeth in the jaws of a death's head.

To him thus menaced it made but slight difference now. He might as well be devoured by wolves as slaughtered by Richard Darke, who would soon return to slay him. Of either alternative the thought was appalling—enough to bereave him of reason.

"Oh, God!"

Again came the cry from his lips, and carried afar over the smooth surface of the

plain, reverberated from the hollow limestone rock underlying it.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

TENTS UNOCCUPIED.

A STREAM running through a canon channel, with banks rising three hundred feet above its bed. They soar up almost vertically, forming twin cliffs that front one another, their facades not half so far apart. Rough with projecting points of rock, and scarred by water erosion, they look like giants with grim, wrinkled visages gazing at one another. In places they approach, almost touching; then, diverging, sweep round the opposite side of an ellipse; again converging, like the curved handles of callipers. Through the spaces thus opened the stream continues, though not in a channel, cliff-confined, but through little valleys of oblong oval shape, more or less regular, whose vivid verdure, contrasting with the somber escarpments, with the bordering of brown plain above, likens them to brightly-tinted landscape pictures set in rustic frame.

The traveler who attempts to go along the stream in question will have to keep upon the crest of either cliff; for no nearer can he approach to its deeply-indentured channel. And here he will see only the sterile, treeless plain; or, if his forms of vegetation meet his eye, they will be such as but strengthen the impression of sterility—some scrambling mesquite bushes, clumps of cactaceae, perhaps the spherical form of melocactus, or a yucca, with its tuft of rigid leaves, the latter resembling a bunch of bayonets rising above a musket "stack" on a military parade-ground.

He will have no view of the bright green foliage expanding itself in the river valley a hundred yards below the hounds of his horse. He will not even get a glimpse of the stream itself, unless by going close to the edge of a precipice and craning his neck over. And to do this he must needs diverge from his course to avoid the transverse rivulets, each trickling along the bed of its own deep-cut arroyo.

Such unapproachable streams are many of them affluents of the Upper Colorado, still unexplored by the land-seeking speculator. For there is no land on them worth "locating"—at least, by those who look forward to forming plantations upon an extended scale.

But there are spots to attract the squattherer or hunter—the elliptical spaces of river-bottom above described—some of them like little Gardens of Eden, reposing hundreds of feet below the surface of the surrounding plain.

One of these semi-subterranean valleys claims our attention. Looking down into it from the cliff-edge, we behold a vegetation of every shade and hue, from clearest nerald to darkest Lincoln green. We see a stream gliding on through its center, with the sheen of silver and the sinuosity of a snake. We observe birds of bright plumage, with pinions spread, flitting from tree to tree. We hear their shrill cries and sweet warblings, all in striking contrast with the somber silence of the desert behind us.

If we think of descending into this sunken Paradise, or Hesperides, we shall have to make a long *détour*, and go down through one of the *gulches* intersecting the plateau at right-angles to that of the main stream. And we should have difficulty in discovering which one of them would afford a practicable path to the level below. No traveler of the common kind would be able to find it. Yet some have found the way; as is proved by a group of tents standing under the tall pecan-trees that fringe the stream, here and there extending back to the bottom of the bluff.

They are tents of rude construction, partly covered with the skins of animals, partly with scraps of old canvas, in places eked out with a piece of blanket or a cast coat.

No one could mistake them for the tents of ordinary travelers; and they are equally unlike those that would be seen in an encampment of Indians. To whom, then, do they belong? Were their owners present there need be no difficulty in answering the question. But they are not. Neither outside of them, nor inside, is a soul to be seen, not anywhere around. No human form appears in the valley; no voice of man is heard reverberating from its cliffs. If there were, the birds would neither be so strident nor so softly modulated.

And yet the place shows signs of recent occupation. There are fires outside the tents, still smoldering; and within implements, utensils, articles of bedding, provisions. In some there are bottles and stone jars, containing strong drinks, both brandy and whisky; and, besides these, good store of tobacco. Than this no better proof that the encampment, though deserted, is not abandoned, whether its owners be white men or Indians.

Who and what are they? Red-skins or pale-faces, which?

The question will soon be answered; for yonder they come!

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

A CHANGE OF COLOR.

DESCENDING through one of the gorges that lead down from the upper plain, a cohort of horsemen is seen entering the valley and continuing on toward the camp. The confident air with which they approach it tells that they are the owners of the empty tents.

They ride in Indian file—the narrow path compelling them to this mode of march. To all appearance they are Indian warriors.

The copper hue of their skins, with its smearing of paint, their buck-skin breech-clouts, fringed leggings, and feather head-dresses are all articles of Indian costume.

There is one among them who differs from the rest, as also from the American aboriginal. His skin is yellow, not red; his hair crisped, not hanging. And, instead of dressed deer-skin, he is clad in cotton habiliments; a coarse shirt and loose drawers, with wool hat upon his head. His complexion bespeaks him a mulatto; his costume a plantation slave. Although with the warriors, he is evidently not of them. The manner in which he is treated proclaims him their prisoner.

Once in the valley bottom, they break rank—or, rather, file—and ride on toward the tents in a ruck. This is not Indian discipline, and should cause doubt about their being of the race of red-men.

There need be no uncertainty after they arrive at the encampment. Any one then hearing their converse could tell they are not Comanches, although wearing the Comanche dress.

After dismounting and making their

horses fast to the trees, they enter the tents, bring out bottles and tobacco, take a drink, and commence smoking.

Beyond this they make no further movement, either to unsaddle their horses or strip off their accoutrements, as if for a prolonged stay.

They evidently await the coming up of others, with some one to give them directions.

They have not long to wait. Soon a second and smaller party is seen coming down the gorge; like the first, costumed *a la Comanche*. At its head is a man of Herculean stature, evidently the chief of all.

On reaching the encampment he gazes around, his glance sent inquiringly through the tents. Then he calls aloud, interrogatively:

"Haven't they got here yet?"

There is no response, and he repeats the inquiry.

It is answered by one of those first upon the ground:

"No, cap', they ain't got hyar yet; ne'er a one of 'em."

The chief gives utterance to an exclamation resembling the bellow of a bull, only more blasphemous. Then, gritting his teeth together, he flings himself from the saddle, his escort doing likewise.

When on foot, he says to his surrounding:

"Boys! I reckon they must have gone astray while crossin' the big plain; an' that's what's detainin' them. Twas a misfortune to trust to two greenhorns, as both air. I see that now, but there's no help for it. Lucky they ain't got the heavy along wi' them. I guess they'll find their way after wandering a bit. If they don't, some o' us must go back in search of them. Meantime, there ain't no reason for our bein' savaged any longer. I suppose you all want once more to become civilized bein's, and as such, make a visit to the settlements. With the contents of these barrels to buy diversion with, I reckon yo'll be inclined to spend a month or two 'mong the señoritas of San Antonio. Is that your idea?"

The answer was a shout of affirmation, unanimous.

"Then let's prepare for leavin'; and I say the sooner the better. If we've got to go back in search of them that's now missing, we'll be safer changing the color of our skins, as well as castin' off this truck that's clingin' around us. It's done good service this time, and may do ag'in. For all that, we won't want it any more now. Tharfor, let's leave it off, and take a plunge out o' savagery into civilization."

The speaker ended his harangue by throwing aside the curb that lent to his rough, gigantic figure an air of picturesqueness.

Off came buck-skin breeches, leggings and moccasins with the plumed tara encircling his brows. Then going inside one of the tents, he came out again holding in his hand what appeared to be a piece of soap. It was this.

He made straight toward the stream, and in ten seconds' after stood waist-deep in the water, scrubbing his skin like one determined upon a severe course of hydropathic treatment.

His comrades were soon beside him, imitating his example.

When they returned to the bank, and there stood dripping in *puris naturalibus*, it could be seen that there was not an Indian among them. They were all of the boasted Caucasian race—white—or, rather, might be called trice color—both in shape and hue far inferior to the bronze-skinned, symmetrical savage.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 97.)

Not Wisely, but too Well.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAMHAM.

"VASSAR CARLETON, I do not believe you ever loved; nay, I do not give you credit for possessing a heart."

"Indeed, Miss Ambrose, and why, may I ask?"

"Simply because I have never seen you touched by feeling; you give freely of your riches to the poor; you have stood night after night by the bedside of the sick, and yet showed no sympathy; I saw you when you stood over the open grave of your mother, and stern and cold was your face, not soft and saddened by grief."

"You are a good 'catch,' an elegant man of the world, a cynic, a heartless flirt, some say, and yet I have never known you to be a woman."

"Beatrice Ambrose, you know not what you say; you are a foolish girl," and as the dark, earnest eyes of the man before her looked down into her own, and his deep voice was stern, the saucy beauty was startled at the emotion her words had caused.

Both of them were the petted idols of society, in the town of M—; the one, a man whose early life had been one of adventure, and lay in mystery, for of the past he seldom spoke.

A wild boy, an only child of wealthy parents, he had run away from home and gone to sea, when but sixteen years of age, and for nearly as many more years he was not heard from, and all had believed him lost, when he suddenly returned home to find his father dead, and his aged mother rapidly journeying toward the grave.

A year after, his mother died, and Vassar Carleton inherited the vast wealth of his parents.

Again he left his home, and after nearly two years' absence, it was whispered that he would soon return.

The old Carleton manor-house was thoroughly overhauled, the grounds were enlarged and improved; the stables were supplied with superb horses and carriages; foreign paintings adorned the walls of the mansion, which was filled with costly furniture, and the old house and its broad acres became a palace in an Eden of beauty.

Then once more it re-echoed to the tread of its owner, and the polished man—the handsome, fascinating, wealthy Vassar Carleton—became society's favorite; but years passed on, and designing mammas found it impossible to insinuate him in the tools of matrimony.

The other—Beatrice Ambrose—was a beauty and an heiress. Accomplished, witty and graceful, she had broken the hearts of all her admirers, except one, and that one was Vassar Carleton.

Certainly he admired her, and appreciated her noble qualities, and feeling that she did not seek his companionship, except in true friendship, the girl had found favor in the eyes of the man of the world.

He had accompanied Beatrice to a forest

party that was held some few miles from M—, upon the banks of a beautiful lake.

While others of the gay throng were enjoying themselves in boating, fishing, dancing and flirting, Vassar Carleton and Beatrice Ambrose had strolled together along the shore of the lake, and it was in answer to some remark of his, of a cynical nature, that she spoke as she did about his heartlessness.

Impressed by his stern manner, she had heard all, they believing her upon the beach with her husband. Ere she could leave to give warning of their intention, her husband entered and was shot down, while she was seized.

Two months more passed, and again the major recovered under the careful nursing of his wife and myself, for I did nurse him, although I loved Vienna.

"Loved her did I say? Why, idolatry is a tame word for my feelings, for I had idolized her from the moment I saw her.

"At length came relief; a ship hove in sight, and, putting them and their baggage in the long-boat, I hoisted sail and stood out to meet the ship.

"They were taken on board, and, without a word, I shoved off and put back for the island, unheeding their cries to return, and

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and thus reasoning, he went up to his room with a heavy heart.

The next day he was busy, but the next he went up to his aunt's.

Aunt Prue was in the kitchen, standing at the little table. Will, coming in through the back way, stole up, and looking over her shoulder, said, suddenly:

"Are those cakes for me, aunt Prue?"

She turned round with a little cry of surprise, scattering the cakes in every direction on the table.

"Oh, you good-for-nothing scamp you, to scare any one in that way. You don't deserve one," and I suppose he didn't, either; but aunt Prue selected the largest, nicest twisted one there was, saying that she supposed little boys always had to have something to keep them good-natured; and Will took it and wandered off to the sitting-room to find Nettie, who, aunt Prue said, was in there "tryin' some new music."

He heard the soft notes of the piano as he approached the sitting-room, and she heard his step, too, for the music ceased suddenly, and when he entered she was arranging the books on the center-table, which, it is my private opinion, did not greatly please him.

They talked and chatted and laughed, on commonplace topics, and she played and sung, at his request; and somehow, before he hardly knew it, he had asked her to ride again; so she got her things, and after she was wrapped until she declared she should not feel the cold at all, he insisted that she should take another shawl, which he himself wrapped around her, saying, playfully, as he did so:

"I must wrap you up like a pet kitten, for if you should chance to take cold while riding with me some one would be very sorry."

She blushed a little at that, and said, demurely:

"I don't know who it would be, unless it was aunt Prue. But, look! we aren't the only sleigh-riders," she added, as several sleighs dashed past, filled with their lively freight.

Will felt very queer. He gave his collar a little spiteful jerk, by way of admonishing it to stay in its proper place, and then turning to Nettie, said:

"You will give me an invitation to the wedding, won't you?"

"Really, can I when I don't know whose it is?" with a little mischievous light in the dark bright eyes.

"Whose! why yours, of course."

"That is a mistake," she said, with a blust and a little laugh. "I have no intention of committing the common blunder."

"But surely you are engaged to be married?" he said, while a fierce joy leaped up in his heart.

"I beg your pardon, but I am not engaged to be married," was the laughing reply.

Will put his hands in his pockets, drew them out again, looked at the carpet, and then glanced at Nettie.

That young lady was very much interested in the view out of the window, and Will, plucking up sudden courage, said:

"Nettie, I have something to ask—"

"Oh, see!" she interrupted, suddenly. "There goes Essie Clay and Heber Foster. Hurry, Will, I want to see Essie."

Thus admonished, our hero shut his teeth, with the mental resolve not to be so neatly balked next time, and dutifully obeyed.

The sleighing was excellent, and while couple after couple passed them, Nettie laughing and talking like a magpie, Will sat almost silent, trying to master courage to broach the momentous subject, and learn whether there was any hope for him.

The cause of his anxiety, like all of her sex in like positions, was sublimely indifferent to his silent mood, and utterly oblivious to the fact that he was on the "anxious seat," made herself so bewitchingly gay that he was in a worse state than ever. Half a dozen times he made a desperate attempt to be courageous, and half opened his mouth to speak, but as often his courage ebbed, and he said nothing.

At last, in lieu of replying to some merry question, he turned toward her, and exclaimed:

"Oh, Nettie! I—"

Unlucky Will! The sight of the consolous, and, withal, somewhat amused face beside him, deprived him of his suddenly acquired self-possession instantly, and drove the tide of eloquence from his mind.

The awful lump leaped up in his throat, and, try as he might, not another word could he utter. He broke into a perspiration, hitched about nervously, and pulled desperately at his collar, but all to no purpose, his tongue refused to do his will, and he strove to seek relief from his awkward position by loosening the reins and increasing their speed.

"The clouds look like a storm," remarked Nettie innocently, though our hero fancied he could detect a tremble of merriment in her voice, and perspired with renewed vigor.

"There is a flock of snowbirds—see, Will."

But Will did not see. Unfortunately—or fortunately, as he afterward thought—he wasn't looking at anything in particular just then, and his loosely reined steeds, going pretty much wherever they liked, ran sideways against a large stone, and the next instant the cutter was overturned, and its occupants thrown out.

Nettie, still enveloped in robes, reposed securely beside the offending stone, but Will was less fortunate. With the lump in his throat, and the proposal on his tongue's end, he had landed head foremost into an unusually deep snow-bank, where he remained for an instant with his pedal extremities elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Hastily scrambling out of the drift, he gained an upright position, and, with his mouth half-full of snow, exclaimed:

"Nettie, I love you! Will you marry me?"

It was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

There was a reply from the heap of buffalo robes, but it was mingled with a peal of such inextinguishable laughter, as at any other time would have driven the bashful lover to distraction. But now, he had caught the sound of a "yes," half-smothered in the ringing laugh, and in an instant he was over beside Nettie, and had her in his arms.

"You heartless little wretch," he exclaimed, feeling as if relieved of a ton's weight. "Oh, Nettie! That was the luckiest overturn I ever had in my life. But I don't know how I came to *say* it!"

And it is a mystery to him to this day.

 AFFLICTION follows the afflicted.

NINETY AGAINST NINE.

As reported by Mart Hundley.

BY EDWARD WILLETT.

"That's ninety to nine, and that's ten to one." 'Twas Jimmy who spoke, old Tom Evans' son, A mere chip of a boy, a chip of a block that was tough as steel and firm as a rock. Young Jimmy had sneaked out on the moon one fore-night, And had counted them Sioux above and right; And when he kem in to the camp to report, You just never seen old Evans' Revolt. He aised him in coarsest a glint in his eye Was tellin' him about the war that ev'ry one of them old men was prouder than ev'ry one of him, And was ready to go his last dollar on Jim.

And so that was ninety g'in nine. That was me, A D—three—

A D—three—, Jim Baker, and those of his men, And that stranger chap; but that ort to be ten, A—countin' old Bonny, my dog, as one.

I tried to count it fur, but I lost the run.

No matter for that, between me and you;

That's ninety to nine, and that's ten to one. It was terrible odds; but we all let 'em stand, And war what you mount'n call, nowadays, a "pick-er elme."

We all round shot coatin' every side,

Casin' the summer, when new-fashioned gun, That broke in two pieces just at a touch, We all of us reckoned warn't fitt'd for much.

We had camped on the bluff, with the river below,

And that side was safe, any fool might know, In fact we had all our pack and sich, And dug up the dirt till we made quite a ditch, And made a hole, and took out the plain,

Determined to fight, though all round us shain'; And I tell you, them looked most terribly blue,

As we took our chances ag'inst them Sioux.

The moon riz up—she was red as blood—

And the injuns come pourin' like a flood,

Like a flood that sweeps a tall tree through;

Kem' rappin' and tearin' them tarmi Sioux.

As the injuns rode on, with their horses red hot,

Spun around at the backs as they sat.

They war ready, and all of 'em looked sorter queer,

But they gripped that gun in a nervous way,

As the devil and all to pay.

Jim Baker looked vicious—that was his style—

And his face was fixed up in the horridest smile,

And little Jim's eyes glared with fun,

But that stranger!—I'm willin' to own I was beat;

But I'll swr' that was as white as a sheet;

And that queer-lookin' gun, that was ready to break,

I war afraid we'd go to hell,

The others—well, they war all in a sweat,

And ready to roll over, and eager to fight,

All ready and willin' and eager to fight.

They didn't say nothin', nor make no fuss,

But say with both eyes, that that of a muss,

War be hard on the red-skins and harder on us,

And on the terrible hillabaloos!

Kem' yellin' and screchin', them pison Sioux.

"Ready you rifles, thar at the right!"

Then Jim Baker who spoke, and his eyes war so bright,

I knowned he was jest runnin' over with fight.

Don't shoot till you give me the word; then begin;

And then, boys, you have to burn powder like sin;

I'm thinkin' you're the ones that's gonna kill us,

One of them injuns is comin' on us,

Two'n a tight tussle, that all of us knew.

The injuns rode on, with their horses red hot,

Spun around at the backs as they sat.

They war ready, and all of 'em looked sorter queer,

But they gripped that gun in a nervous way,

As the devil and all to pay.

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Spun around at the backs as they sat.

They war ready, and all of 'em looked sorter queer,

SUMMER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

The summer comes in chariot drawn;
She steps out with a smile:
Come, hand in hand, my horses up
For she will stay a while!

Give her the best room in the house;
Glad let her welcome be;
She brings blown blossoms to the vines—
The tree-toad to the tree.

A thousand thousand articles
Are in the carriage train;
She brings the jinglings of birds,
And linen coats again;

Bright bows to span the flying shower,
Soft scents upon the breeze,
And the heart to the heart,
And tender early pearls.

She brings sweet music to the rills,
In varied sharps and flats.
The leaping waterfalls—
The young leaf takes a deeper green—
Young girls take parasols.

She clothes the fields with rippling grain,
Far billowing on the view,
And drifting clouds are very high—
And early fruit is too.

She brings the sweet south wind to cheer
The country-side and town;
She causes jasmines to spring up,
And collars to wilt down.

I hear the music of her voice;
Breathe all the landscape o'er;
She says, "Young man, now that will do,
Please don't write any more."

The Ninth's Major.
A STORY OF INDIA.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

A FAIRER night than that which found Idaline Campbell seated at the deep casement of her boudoir never threw its star-gemmed veil over Cawnpore. So many charms did it possess, that the fair girl would not trim the lamps, but from her window drank in its beauties with poetic rapture.

Her father was the colonel of the Ninth regiment of Foot, and she had followed him to the land of the Sepoy, far, far from a happy home beneath the scepter of Victoria. Very soon she became the favorite of the garrison, and nightly, in the club-rooms of the officers, toasts were drank to her beauty and worth.

Unheeded by her upon the night above written, the hours flitted by, and when at last she glanced at her tiny jeweled watch, she was surprised at the lateness of the Indian night.

The golden hands of the watch proclaimed the hour of midnight.

"Father thinks me asleep," she said, with a smile, "and it were unkind in me to resist the wooing of the somnolent god. But I could not turn away from the beauties of the night, and father shall not know that I have been so wakeful. Ha! the celestial scene is changing. Foreboding clouds near my queen of the skies—There! ha!—and she suddenly shrank from the window.

The last exclamation was caused by seeing a human form crawling across the low roof of an Indian dwelling, directly opposite her chamber. It possessed the movements of the serpent, and evidently its destination was an open window at the termination of the roof.

"Is it thus that the princess' lovers seek her chamber?" murmured Idaline, watching the man on the roof. "But no, it can not be, for Iwadah left the palace this morning, and I am certain that she is not to return for a fortnight. Then the serpent is a robber!"

She moved her chair nearer the window again, and resolved to watch the midnight visitor. Not a sound came up from below, and the man made none in crawling over the light flag roof, scarce sufficient to bear his weight. Idaline saw him enter the Princess Iwadah's chamber, and she watched a long time for his reappearance. At last she was rewarded, for he came to the window, and something reflected back the rays of the moon from his hands.

"He is a robber," murmured the colonel's daughter. "He has stolen the princess' jewels. Shall I give the alarm? No. In the confusion he might escape, and I can not identify him."

As she spoke, the thief glided to the ground, and walked directly toward her; and, as he approached, she perceived that he was clad in the light undress uniform of an English officer.

Suddenly Idaline, determined to discover the person of the robber, concealed her form among the curtains of the casement, and, unperceived, looked down upon him. He passed directly beneath her, and she recognized in his face the major of her father's regiment—Colin Bruce.

"My God!" she cried, "is it possible that such a villain wears her Majesty's epaulettes? I could not be mistaken, for I noted the crimson scar above his eye, and no eye in Cawnpore save his is thus crowned."

With her mind filled with strange thoughts, the commandant's daughter sought her couch, and the following morning Major Bruce found himself summoned into Idaline's presence.

Handsome, talented and refined, the scion of a noble house, and, withal, an agreeable companion, the major had long been counted among Idaline's friends. But the night previous to the one described above, he had asked for the hand of the colonel's child, but it had been refused him, because it belonged, by promise, to another. Idaline respected the major of the Ninth, notwithstanding his passion for gambling, a vice from which but few Indian officers are free.

He took his rejection good-naturedly, which stamped him more the man in Idaline's eyes.

He obeyed the summons with alacrity, wondering what the beauty of the Regiment wished with him at such an early hour.

Idaline met him in the spacious and handsomely-furnished parlor of her father's quarters, and broached the subject nearest her heart at once.

"Major, I summoned you hither to say that Princess Iwadah's jewels were stolen precisely at midnight last night."

He started at her words, and the color faded from his cheeks.

"And why should the theft concern

me?" he asked. "Is it your pleasure to appoint me a detective, Miss Campbell?"

"From such a design?" she answered, fix'd her dark, penetrating eyes upon him. "Major Colin Bruce, you have the jewels in your possession?"

He tried to laugh her accusation down, but the attempt was a miserable failure.

"I saw you enter Iwadah's chamber," she quickly continued. "I watched you emerge therefrom with the jewels in your hands, and when you passed beneath my window, I completed your recognition. Sir, it is utterly useless for you to deny the theft. I am ashamed of such conduct, especially in an officer of the 'old Ninth.' And now, sir, I propose this compromise, for I do not want to send you home disgraced. Restore the jewels to Iwadah's chamber before she returns, and the secret of the theft shall forever remain locked in my bosom."

While Idaline spoke, the major calmly returned her gaze, and dark plots flitted through his mind.

"I will accept your compromise, Miss Campbell," he said, in a forced tone, when she had finished, "and I pray that you will overlook my indiscretion. Gambling debts forced me to it, and I will leave them unpaid until I can procure my annual remittance from father. To-morrow night, if you will sit at your window, you will see Iwadah's jewels restored, and when the princess returns she will find them where she saw them last."

The colonel's daughter was satisfied with her work, and the major took his departure. "What!" he cried, when he was beyond ear-shot of head-quarters. "Idaline Campbell, do you think that I am going to let five hundred thousand dollars in jewels slip through my fingers thus tamely? I'm what you might term a desperate man now, and must work in desperate ways, if I would hold what I have now."

He walked past the officers' quarters, and sought a collection of hovels in the southern suburbs of the city.

Not a British soldier was in sight, and in one of those huts the major of the Ninth Foot glided.

A tall, half-naked Hindoo advanced from

hensile fingers dangled a long cord, glided toward her.

As the wily Grimalkin approaches the unsuspecting mouse, so the dark-browed strangler approached the beautiful girl. Ever and anon he would pause, listen, and then sneak forward again.

At length he reached the foot of the tree at which Idaline sat, and raised the fatal noose over her head. But, as the cord trembled in its departure, a hand-hurled him to the earth, and Guzzeb, the strangler, found his arms pinioned by Courcy Delavan.

With a shriek, Idaline started to her feet, and gazed upon the scene enacted at the foot of the tree.

A shout brought several soldiers to Delavan's assistance, and with great difficulty, for Guzzeb was the possessor of Herculean strength, the victory was compromised.

At first the chief of the strangers was inclined to be uncommunicative; but, when the infuriated soldiery threatened to strangle him with his own cord, he confessed the compact between himself and Colin Bruce.

A short interval elapsed between the strangler's failure and the villainous major's arrest. He soon found himself before a court, through the sentence of which his head was shaved, and, after receiving forty lashes, he was drummed beyond the limits of the city. He did not long survive his disgrace, for he sent himself into eternity by his own hands.

Guzzeb was handed over to the authorities of Cawnpore, who caused him to suffer the terrible death he had unjustly meted out to many.

Of course Iwadah's jewels were restored to her, and a few weeks after the scenes recorded above, Idaline Campbell became the bride of Captain Delavan, a baronet's son and heir.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Panther Creek.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"This is 'Panther Run,'" said my guide, as we were crossing a narrow, deep stream in the mountainous region of Eastern Kentucky, "and it got its name from one of the saddest occurrences that I ever witnessed. If you like I will relate the story, as it may serve, at least, to break the monotony of our ride."

I hastened to assure the old woodsman that nothing would suit me better, and he at once continued:

"You see that the country through which we are traveling is even yet a wild one, but where you now see twenty clearings, there was not one forty years ago, and I have ridden day in and out without even seeing the blue smoke from a settler's cabin."

"At that time game and varmints were almost too thick to thrive in these parts. Buffaloes had not long been gone, and b'ar, deer, turkey, panthers, wildcat and wolves, were to be seen in any number desired."

"I had led a kind of roving, half-civilized life since I had come out from the old State, Virginia, and at last I determined to clear me a bit of land, build me a snug cabin, and settle down quiet for the balance of my days."

"It took me a good while to make up my mind where to squat, but I finally fixed upon the place where you found me this morning."

"I had been there only a year, when another settler, a new-comer from the other side of the mountains, took a fancy to the valley beyond me—you saw the double cabin as you came to my place—and we gathered together and put up his house, and started 'em fair."

"They were nice people, Dick Atkinson and his wife were, and they had two as pretty children, a boy and a girl, as ever I saw in my life. The boy was twelve, and the girl eight years old; but the lad was more like a full-grown man than any thing else. Why, he'd go into the timber and pile oak-rails, or cord-wood equal to most boys of sixteen or more; and as to handling a rifle, he was as good as the best of them. In fact, he was a wonderful boy, but that did not keep him from meeting a fate that any one was liable to, then, and now, too, for the matter of that."

"It was the second winter after Atkinson had settled in the valley, and it opened terribly cold, I tell you. In the middle of December the snow fell near a foot deep on the level, and directly after it turned awful cold, and held at that for more'n three weeks, nearly a whole month."

"No such weather had ever been seen in

Kaintucky before, and I ain't seen none since. The stock, what little there was, come nigh all perishing—all did that warn't hosed up snug—and by-and-by the game and varmints began coming in to the barn-yard, to try and get something to keep 'em alive."

"Well, as I said, this lasted a good while, but presently the break-up come, and it come in a hurry, too."

"The night before it turned a little warmer, and the next morning, there were signs of a heavy rain. It was warm and soft, and the snow begun melting before the sun was fairly up."

"Dick Atkinson had suffered terribly for something to eat and feed his family during this hard snap. The poor fellow was down with the rheumatiz bad, and there hadn't been any one about to help him, for I was away most of the time, and didn't know the fix he was in."

"Just before day, Willie—that was the lad's name—came into his father's room, saying as how he had heard turkeykeys upon the opposite hill beyond the creek, and asked to go after them."

"Shouldering his little rifle, the lad started across the bottom and reached the creek, which was frozen over hard and firm enough to bear up a horse. Just as he reached the other side he heard his little sister calling, and before he could say or do anything, she was across, and begging to go and see the turkeykey."

"It was but a little way, he thought, and he let her go."

"The boy stalked the turkey like an old hunter, but the gobbler was wild, and flew from tree to tree, constantly leading the lad further and further back into the timber."

"At last, in a valley, Willie left his little companion under the sunny-side of a rock, and continued after the game."

"More than two hours were spent in this, but at last he got his shot, and downed the bird."

"The boy observing that a storm was fast rising, hurried back to where the little sister had been left, only to find that she was no longer there."

"Alarmed, but not disheartened, the little fellow took her trail, just as an old woodsman would have done, and found her

quadruped servant girl."

Beat Time's Notes.

feet off were the mangled remains of Willie, his little hand still grasping the rifle, which was broken at the stock. He was literally torn all to pieces, and there warn't hardly a rag of clothing on him.

"At first we didn't see the little girl, but a minute later, a shout from one of the men called us to the foot of a leaning tree a little way off, and there she lay, apparently not hurt, but cold and dead. I mean that she had no outward marks or wounds to show the cause of death."

"A close examination of the ground, the body of the panther, and those of the children, revealed the story about as clearly as if some of us had been eye-witnesses to the struggle."

"The little ones had found the log gone, and had huddled down at the foot of the tree to shelter themselves. The panther had here attacked them, probably springing upon them from the branches overhead, and had grasped the little one by the back, crushing her spine, and made off to the leaning tree up which she started with her burden."

"At this moment Willie must have run forward, and at close range, fired. The powder had singed the beast's hair where the ball struck her behind the fore-leg. This so enraged the panther that she turned, mortally wounded, upon the boy, and clawed and bit him to death before she herself gave out."

"It was a sad scene, and I thought it would kill poor Atkinson, but it did not. That is the story of Panther Creek, and why it is so called."

Beat Time's Notes.

A good wife is a crown to her husband, but a mean one is a sovereign—ruling cur-

rency.

A MAN selling tombstones should talk in sepulchral tones.

A CYCIC hearing a song through, remarked that it was well done—better than the doing.

This is the rock of ages, said the father after rocking two hours, and the baby still awake.

The last thing out: out of debt.

THE politician who failed to get the consolation got dis-consolate.

MANY men who say they wouldn't tell a lie for the world, are perfectly willing to tell one for a shilling.

SOME topers in reforming, drink the hardest just before they quit, and then postpone the quitting.

You can't convince a fool of his folly; you might as well try to measure out a quart of beans with a ten-foot pole.

THE first reports of gold nuggets being found in California, was taken as nugatory evidence.

ON what slight things do our destinies turn? Some of us might have been born mukeys. I shudder to think of it!

A HUSBAND whose wife ran off with another man, said he never had any little fool thing to make him so mad in his life.

MANY a romantic maiden's castle in the air turns out to be a cabin in the woods.

MANY men would willingly let their wives have the last word—provided it was the last.

DEATH is a contented being; he takes life easy.

"SANKEY," said a mother to her young hopeless, who was walking on the fence, "you'll fall off there and break your neck, and I'll whip you to death."

I HAVE tried very hard to object to my admirers having my statue made, and placed on the top of the new City Court-house, but I can't. I would desire it to be as large as life as I always am, made out of marble no brass about it. I want it to be made like all other statues, with a sheet wrapped around me as if I had just jumped out of bed. On the base they might have "Liberty," or "Honor," or "Charity," or any other nick-names they might see fit to give me. I am perfectly willing that they should go on with the noble work. I don't know that they have ever proposed a statue to my memory, but then if they should, I mean.

MILLIONS of pugs are made every day, and the question is asked, where do they go to? I don't know, but I find some in the carpet when I go across it in my stockings; I find them in my bed when I jump in a hurry: I found one in the cushion of the pew at church, for when I sat down with my usual dignity last Sunday, I rose reluctantly; I find them in my boots; I find them more frequently in my fingers; occasionally I find one going down my throat.

In fact, I find them every place where they ought not to be, and generally when I'm not looking for them. The only wonder is, how they can make enough to scatter them around so plentiful.

BODSON'S snuff is the best thing to manufacture sneezes I know of. I got in a pinch the other day—in my nose. The first sneeze lifted me off the floor; the next bumped my head against the ceiling; the next brought tears; the next brought profanity. My wife pulled my nose, but that did no good nor harm. I sneezed four hours and twenty minutes. I took it because I had a cold in my head, now that I know of.

If you make your life up of odds and ends, be careful lest in the end the odds be against you.

It is a singular rule, and you will always find it so (except in cases where it fails), that aged women lose their teeth and loosen their tongues.